

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend."—Pope.

VOL. I.

BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1805.

Nº. 25.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

"Honour and shame from no condition rise,
"Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

POPE.

IT has long been a question among mankind, whether this life has more happiness or misery attached to it.—In order to give this subject a candid discussion, we must begin with taking a view of the primary designs of Providence in the creation of the human race, duly consider how far our general pursuits correspond with, and where our aberrations detract from, and mar the universal plan, and lastly try whether our duty and pleasures are not perfectly reconcilable.—Creation, the production of unsearchable wisdom; perfect symmetry, and infinite power; in which neither confusion, nor error, has ever been discovered by the keenest perceptions of any human mind, must have been formed faultless on its completion, the different parts happily harmonised with each other, and the happiness of the *Beings* made, the ultimate aim of the grand Architect.—Man, Lord of this lower world, invested with sovereign sway over all the other Animals, placed as the shadow of Divinity here below, and endowed with the distinguished characteristic of reason, was made with strong & various passions, intimately blended in his system, the more amply to extend the sphere of his felicities; and free will superadded, the more highly to raise the merit of his virtue.—Those passions although ardent, in order to fit him for the active energies of life, were placed under the control of the *small still voice of conscience*, the touchstone of his conduct, under whose guardianship they would have been secure against all attacks, had not a debasement and depravity, arising from several combined causes, confounded the intellectual light of reason, perverted plain sense, and misconstrued even revelation itself.—Thus the benevolent author of nature made all things *well*; passions were given

as the necessary stimulus to exertion, reason as the Judge how far they should be indulged; and free-agency, to chuse at will; without which, he could neither have acquired a title to praise, nor incurred the odium of blame. But man through his inordinate appetites, has deranged this fair fabric, wasted the hoard of blessings showered down on him by his benign Maker, and by mistaking the creature for the Creator, keeping futurity in the background, and bounding his hopes to the present state of existence, has entailed on himself a train of evils, which constitute the greater part of what is called the misfortunes of life.—Let us take a survey of human pursuits.—At the head of a numerous phalanx stands foremost the *Miser*; behold that plodding wretch, with tottered garb, and haggard eye, whose brow seems wrinkled with anxious thought, as if the lives of millions were suspended on his nod.—War, famine, and pestilence, are by him unheeded, unless, as they may augment or detract from his darling wealth. His sordid soul is incapable of expansion; the generous glow of friendly feeling never vibrated on his nerves; like his kindred brutes, for him, the most common fare, devour'd with greedy haste, suffices; the kindly and endearing relations of filial affection, the ties of husband and father, reach not his heart, or, but faintly, and for a moment, and it would seem, as if the sole purpose of his life, was to gather, but not to enjoy. Or grant, that this base grovelling reptile has natural affection for his family, what a horrid precedent does he set those who depend on him, he teaches them by example, that *money is preferable to talents, courage and patriotism*, that the Summum bonum of life is *gold*, that no other acquirement is worthy to be put in competition with it, and that to have lived *well* is to *die rich*.—This miscreant is unhappy, because his insatiable avarice cannot grasp at once, the mines of Potosi, and the diamonds Golconda. Justly indeed is the passion made its own punishment and we may conclude with Doctor Arbuthnot in his epitaph on Chartres "of how little estima-

tion in the sight of God is exorbitant wealth, by his conferring it on the most unworthy of all his creatures."

Next in order, and bearing a close affinity to the foregoing, but of still more villainous aspect, is the scoundrel Gamester; lo! he has just completed the ruin of a wretch, on whom an amiable *wife*, and helpless infants, depend; by cloaked personal fraud, or the assistance of brother sharpers, he has carried his point, but a discovery takes place, and the loaded die or concealed card, unmasks the cheat, the poor dupe foaming with rage, calls for instant satisfaction, the Gamester, trained to murder, a necessary part of his profession, grasps the ready pistol, and his robbed deluded antagonist, *dies*. Perhaps the assassin escapes, either through the lenity of the laws, or the powerful protection of men of kindred principles; but the detestation of mankind pursues him like his shadow, and the curse of the widow and fatherless, together with the remorse of his own conscience, will break his midnight slumber, and appal his trembling soul on the bed of death.—Yet he too will probably complain of his hard fate, and charge what is but fair retribution, to the score of misfortune.

The drunkard follows in rotation, and claims no little notice in the annals of infamy.—Bloated and deprived of every grace, his once active limbs and manly form, seem a loathsome mass of scrofulous corruption.—His eye, which formerly beamed with intelligence, or gentle or commanding at pleasure, now rolls a vacant, ghastly stare, but above all, his mind, on which parental affections, had lavished all, that education, elegance, and accomplishments could bestow, now lies a blasted *ruin*, wild and waste.—This infamous and unnatural vice, often accrues from neglected morals, illjudged ambition, or improper society. Many other vices will operate their own cure, but this is almost always incorrigible, and seldom ends but with the life of its votary. In excuse, the Bacchanal will alledge, that he too was necessarily forced to this remedy against his misfortunes, vile falsehood! common observation pointed out to him industry & œconomy, but they were too slow for him, and badly accorded with his pampered palate.—I could go on to marshal up a numerous host, the ambitious despot, the sensual voluptuary, the fawning sycophant, and factious demagogue, all equally keen in their chace, dishonest in their motives, and disappointed in their sanguine hopes of enjoyment, even if they succeed in their guilty aims.—Let us forbear to offend the ear of delicacy by being too minute on subjects, deplorable in their effects, and inexhaustible in their vanity.—It becomes necessary after the given premises, to mention some of the causes, which lead to a deviation from a track, apparently so plain, and so little liable

to be mistaken.—In the shameful neglect, or preposterous education of Youth, we must search for the radical source of moral turpitude, and direliction of manners. The principal considerations of Parents in bringing up their children, are turned more to the graces of the person, than the improvent of the mind; the Dancing Master, Taylor and Boot-maker, all contribute their aid to finish a Fop; and a fantastic Milliner tricks out the Belle; the one a spindle shapeless shank into a huge *Suvarrow*, almost sufficiently large to hold the whole animal, and the other bedizens her person with gauze, lace and frippery, whilst both parties are equally regardless of the more useful decorations of the mind.—Thus equipped for the day, off scampers the Buck to a horse race; Cock fight, or Billiard table, and the Belle parades the street from morning to night, exposing herself to the idle gaze, and vacant stare of every simpleton who frequents the cross corners of our streets.—These paragons of perfection, so wonderfully fitted for each other, are sure however to rendezvous at night, over the elegant game of *Brag*, or the enchanting amusement of *Loo*. From these delicious entertainments of the rising generation, common sense, rational conversation, wit, vivacity, or sprightliness, are completely banished.—There the bewitching gaiety of the lovely Girl, is utterly lost to herself and society, in the dull insipidity of her foggy headed Partner, or obscured by the ferocious looks of some growling *Dutchess*, bewailing her losses in no very gentle accents. In short one would be sometimes induced to think, that the race of Amazons was not yet extinct, and at others, that chaos had again resumed his reign.—Youth would certainly prefer some pastime more congenial to its years, but Age sets the example, and glories in unfitting its progeny for the sweet endearments of domestic life; and then wonders how matrimony has become so unfashionable!—Without exaggeration, or the least wish towards detraction, I have frequently seen these scenes, & now notice them *precisely*, in order that they may strike others in the same forcible point of view, which they have done myself, that they may produce an investigation of their fatal consequences, in the minds of the giddy and unexperienced, or at least draw from the more eloquent pen of my friend *Easy*, that dispassionate yet firm censure, which without offending, reforms.—It is by no means my desire to paralyze exertion, to discountenance emulation, or to deny society every satisfaction consistent with decency, propriety and virtue. It is the excess in some instances, rather than the things themselves which hurts. The aspiring disposition inherent in our natures, when directed to noble purposes, becomes a public benefit, when unchecked in its

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Mr. Easy

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mad career, a nations curse.—Were we accustomed to form ourselves on the model of those who have been long reputed an honour to our species, and to conceive our conduct under the immediate inspection of a superior order of beings, shame & the latent seeds of goodness, which altho' buried under a mass of human imperfections, are not extinguished, together with the bright examples of those we follow, would enable us to shake off the trammels of evil customs, however sanctioned by common usage, and resume our native dignity of character.—In vain may the moralist harangue, or the man of philanthropy inculcate maxims, if parents prefer grandeur to worth, the semblance to the substance, and money to merit, in the establishment of their offspring; if so, it would be useless to remind them of a text of scripture, recommended by the highest authority, "seek first the kingdom of Heaven, and all other things shall be added unto thee." Far be it from me to hold up as the mirror of perfection the selfish solitary *recluse*, no, man was designed for active benevolence, and when so employed, best fills his part as an accountable being. Suffice it, that in following the plain dictates of nature and reason, we are happy, in forsaking them, we carve out our own misery. Philosophy, science or extraordinary acquirements, are by no means requisite to make man happy, the only rule is, "follow nature as the surest guide to felicity both here and hereafter."—I have not touched on the short duration of life, nor stated how fleeting are all sublunary enjoyments, when contrasted with endless eternity, and its concomitants, unspeakable beatitude, or unutterable woe; to enlarge on these, would be to question the rationality of mankind.—We may then safely conclude that our duty and pleasure are synonymous terms, & where we lose sight of the one, we are sure to abandon the other. F.

'Hope humbly then, on trembling pinnions soar,
'Wait, the great teacher death, and God adore.'

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Mr. Easy,

No object can be more important to the improvement and elegance of society, than the diffusion of a *literary taste*. It teaches us how to value and enjoy the advantages we possess, and sheds a delightful charm over the pleasures of social intercourse. It becomes, in a peculiar manner, the province of a miscellany, like the Companion, to recommend and enforce the cultivation of so refined an acquirement. Under this impression, I take the liberty of sending you some reflections on the value of this *taste* to *female character*, and on the degree in which it is possessed by our *Ladies*. Acknowledging, at the same time,

that the Gentlemen can claim no exemption from the severity of censure.

The value of literature is of an extent and weight, that those who know enough of it to estimate its worth, readily admit to be incalculable;—its charms are of a sweetness and exquisiteness, so delicious, that even those, on whom its benign rays never shone, unhesitatingly agree must be enchanting. Every thing convenient in the arts of life,—every thing refined in social converse, owe their source to the exhaustless fount of learning. Its pleasures too are of a kind so accommodating, so various, and so alluring, that one would think it could not fail to recommend itself most powerfully to all those, who have minds to reason, and hearts to feel. Yet with all these inviting considerations, few are the females who follow in the train of learning, and acquire what would greatly extend their influence, and increase their charms.

The ladies it cannot be denied, are woefully deficient in literary acquirements, however they may be ornamented with the lighter accomplishments, and however they may be decorated with the *gew gaws* of fashion. Their persons and faces doubtless merit some attention, but they neither deserve nor require a monopoly of time, and exclusive regard. They studiously embellish, and ingeniously display their personal attractions, forgetful that thereby they more strikingly show the imbecility of their understandings, and the poverty of their mental resources.—The glare of exterior brightness serves only to exhibit more clearly the deplorable waste of internal darkness and inanity. They appear to calculate only to attract attention, regardless of the means proper to create respect, and necessary to fix regard. This neglect among the ladies to cultivate the mind evinces, either a consciousness of incapacity for intellectual improvements, or a contempt for the taste of those, whom they seem desirous of pleasing. If to the former it is to be attributed, I am persuaded they extremely undervalue themselves;—if to the latter, I flatter myself, they grossly underestimate the gentlemen.

That there is no considerable difference, by nature, of strength and versatility of talents, between the sexes, is a position, in my opinion, easily established. However, the ladies will doubtless spare me the labour of demonstrating, by a long train of argumentation, that they have minds; that they are *improvable ones* will soon be a question of serious difficulty. Indeed, it is to be feared, that the odious principle of Mahomet will shortly prevail, that women were created to amuse an idle hour, then to be dismissed with contempt,—to flutter on the wings of gaiety and vanity for a short season, then to expire forever.—Surely fe-



*male nature* was created for nobler purposes, and destined for a more exalted existence; otherwise these remarks should be spared, for I would not reproach natural imbecility, nor urge to efforts, which must end in futility and disappointment. The ingenuity and acuteness, variously manifested, the vivacity of wit, without refinement; and the fluency of conversation without resources, which the ladies sufficiently display; abundantly prove, that they have faculties, which cultivation would develope; and powers which reading would polish and direct.

It is among the excellent effects of a literary taste, that the duties, which occur within the sphere of female action, are thus better understood, and more cheerfully performed; and *these* are of a nature, which requires no inconsiderable portion of energy and refinement. Arguments however, of a different kind are likely to have more weight, with our *fashionable belles*. Permit me to urge with truth & earnestness, that personal beauty will derive vast accession, and female charms additional brilliancy from the accompaniments of a literary taste, and of intellectual resources.—The fascinating arts may be thus infinitely increased; and men of sense will be attracted, not to be fatigued, and disgusted, but to be fixed and delighted; the hearts of those, who approach the dazzling fair-ones, will not be at first warmed, to be afterwards refrigerated into indifference, but to be fired unto enthusiasm. Let it not be exultingly replied, by the votaries of ignorance, that a learned woman is universally odious: Pedantry alone disgusts, and that is as far, as ignorance itself, from real learning. The latter can be displeasing only to the stupid and illiterate, who are desirous of screening from observation, their own destitution of worth and poverty of intellect, by bringing into contempt that, which would render *both* more conspicuous, and *them* more detestible. It cannot be seriously denied, that a literary taste gives to conversation a justness, variety and interest, incalculably great;—to the understanding a discernment and comprehension, inestimably valuable;—and to the affections a polish and refinement, indescribably delightful.—Besides, the ladies by cultivating their own minds, may make reading and good-sense fashionable; for the remark is not more old than true, that females have the greater share in forming the morals, manners and taste of society.

It will be objected perhaps, that the numerous avocations of domestic, but especially of fashionable life do not afford time sufficient for study and reading. Omitting for the present the enquiry, whether many expensive indulgences might not be wisely dispensed with in favour of literary pursuits, without any diminution of real happi-

ness; it may be confidently affirmed, that the deduction of a few of those hours, so stupidly wasted *in bed*, and the rescue of a portion of those, so profusely squandered at the *toilet*, would furnish ample time for the laudable and profitable exercise of culturing the mental faculties. It requires not the spirit of prophecy to foretel that, by such an arrangement, all the offices of social intercourse would be more punctually and elegantly performed. And what, let it be asked, are the objects, which so completely occupy the time of the young ladies? No other, it must be answered, than acquiring the all-important accomplishment of dancing;—in decking themselves out in all the fopperies of fashion;—and in practising the *chaste* and *delicate* artifices of coquetry. Sublime objects indeed for constituting the whole business of life, and admirably calculated to qualify females for performing the refined duties, and supporting the tender intercourse of a married state; and for solacing and cheering the sober hours of declining life.

For those unquestionably, who abhor reading and reflection, no time can be found for these hateful exertions, though months are passed away in indolence and apathy; to those few on the contrary, who know the value of existence, and endeavour to live to some honourable purpose, enough leisure remains, consistent with the avocations and amusements of life, for attending to elegant and literary pursuits. It is unnecessary to add, how much more interesting and engaging are those of the latter description, to the vain and trifling ones of the former. What aid personal charms derive from mental accomplishments no language can sufficiently express. There is not, in nature, so enchanting and adorable an assemblage, as female beauty, united with a cultured mind, and an affectionate heart.

The subject, Mr. Editor, is capable of greater enlargement, and susceptible of a variety of views, but I will not extend my remarks farther at this time, lest I should become insufferably tedious to the fickle fair-ones, for whom this essay is principally intended. PERICLES.

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"NOTICE. All visitants, who frequent families wherein there are young females, are forthwith desired to declare themselves; or *absent* from places where their presence banishes such as would pass their time more to the advantage of those whom they visit." *Spec.* 288.

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In the Companion, I perceive, Mr. Easy, you generally prefix to your essays some sentence by way of motto. So far I wish, in an humble manner, to imitate an admired leader—but would beg leave respectfully to differ, in one particular, from you in the present instance.—For

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you select that for a motto which expresses the same opinion with what follows—whereas I here intend industriously to combat the position taken by the Spectator.

Good men have long united in the sentiment, that opinions modestly advanced, and judiciously enforced, by periodical writers of respectability, deserve much credit—and ought ever be opposed with great caution, and that deference due the dignity of the author. It is, therefore, with the most profound respect, I attempt the refutation of a popular opinion, when that opinion is backed by the highly respectable and ever to be admired authors of the Spectator.

Whether the degeneracy of the times—& the intriguing dispositions of the beaux, called for the then prohibition of an innocent practice, I pretend not to determine; but I am confident the principle will not now hold.

I have before informed you of my being one of that part of creation called a bachelor. Now, Sir, if I were excluded the society of young ladies, how should I ever change my condition?—for I humbly conceive, that if I am not allowed to “frequent” their company, I can never have an adequate idea of their worth. Not being one of the *Novel-eaters*, I don’t know how to fall lunatically in love at first sight. I must be several times in company with a young woman before I presume to form any opinion of her fitness for a wife. Further opportunity is yet wanting to ascertain whether there be any thing of congeniality of sentiment, modes of thinking, ideas of pleasure and pursuits, &c. &c. &c. This already amounts to more visits than would be sufficient to condemn me for “frequenting” her company. How then, I would ask the author of the above spectatorial mandate, shall I manage to procure myself “an helpmate?”—allowing me to be one of those old-fashioned fools who disclaim all connexion with the moon; and deny the possibility of impossibilities, or that a person may know in five minutes who is a suitable partner for life.

There are other—and stronger—arguments, to be adduced against this “notice.” What is society, in a single state, without *woman*? Dull, flat, disgusting.—Excluded the sweet converse, the chaste wit, the sprightly vivacity of intelligent females—I lonely skulk along thro’ life, unheeded and unmindful; a poor, wretched being—scarcely certain I exist at all, except at intervals, when stung by the reflection, that in the world there are women—whose presence I dare not approach—yes—then indeed I know I do exist!—and exist to know, that the absence of pain is *not* pleasure.

On the other hand, who will pretend to paint, in just

colours, what society is *with woman*. Any man of feeling would laugh at me, & pronounce me truly vain, did I pretend to describe their sensations, when enjoying the heart-cheering friendship and esteem of their little favourite circle of females. No empty gasconading here—no bacchanalian mirth, nor riotous *fun*—no broken heads, nor drained purses—followed by debauch or by duels. No; all is peace; all is pleasure:—an evenness of temper, yet bewitching cheerfulness—lively conversation, yet no obscenity—In fine, social comfort—solid happiness; calculated for a rational man’s enjoying, without satiety—happiness, obtained by means which cause no pain on cool reflection.

Let these be my companions, were I never to be married, while I prize a softness of disposition, and delicate demeanour—Then how much more anxious must I be for this company, if I mean to marry.—And shall the world say—shall “THEY” say—I shall not “frequent” a young woman’s company, without ‘declaring myself’?—Away with this restraint—this unjust curtailing of our social rights.—

That few bachelors can give sufficient reasons for their continuing so—I am willing to allow. But without being deemed guilty of any horrid outrage on the rights of society—I may be permitted to think that a single man has a right to live happily, if he can, while in this state. Why should he be debarred all harmless intercourse with the other half of creation? He finds in their society that which lessens all the evils of life. Then why expel him? The ladies have more charity than to decree it. They would not knowingly aggravate the sufferings of a poor fellow-traveller, because he had missed his way—but assist him to render the road he had taken as agreeable as he could. It not only evinces a tenderness towards the unhappy—but may eventually induce him to secure one of those feeling friends in whose company he so much delights, and the real blessings of which he had remained ignorant, had the opinion of your predecessor obtained universal credence. Not “*frequent the house wherein dwell agreeable women!*” What! is there no difference between the social visit of an innocent man, and the vile address of a deceitful rake? If any one say—“tho’ you may not have an eye to matrimony when you go to that house, yet others will think you have; and thereby ‘abstain themselves’”—If any *small-reasoner*, or *mischief-maker*, ask this question; I would tell him—“come and see.”

I would be glad to know, Mr. Easy, whether you are for or against the *notice*?

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When there are so few that give themselves the trouble to examine the evidences of *Christianity*, and so many petty retailers of scepticism, imposing their hacknied sophisms on mankind, the antidotes ought to be as widely diffused as the poison ; & therefore we shall with pleasure appropriate a page or two of our paper to this purpose, as long as our correspondent will favour us with his valuable communications,

REASONS WHY WE SHOULD EXAMINE THE EVIDENCE
In favour of the Divinity of the Christian Religion.

*Inscrib'd above the portal from afar
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-quick'ning words—BELIEVE AND LIVE !
Too many, shock'd at what should charm them most,
Despise the plain direction and are lost.*

COWPER.

Books are generally esteemed by mankind according to the importance of the subjects of which they treat.—The poems of HOMER and VIRGIL will always be admired, not only on account of the pleasing manner in which they are written, but also as they profess to inform us concerning the scenes of antiquity. The histories of XENOPHON, LEVY, and others will through all ages be read because they relate to us things considered as important in the elucidation of the history of former periods. If these works are so much valued as to gain admission into all libraries, of what worth is the word of God ? If learned men are continually revising the labours of these authors to acquire their real meaning and to correct any errors which may have crept into them—what ought their conduct in this respect to be with regard to the holy Scriptures.

Read the most elegant, the most pure writings, those of the best informed men among the Heathen Philosophers on the nature and being of God.—Many of them denied an over-ruling Deity altogether, others created thousands of Gods in their imaginations, and very few, if any, believed in one God. Turn to your Bible, there you have all that is necessary for you to be acquainted with on this subject.—Do you need information respecting his perfections ? Study the Scriptures.—Do you wish to know how he governs the world ? Meditate on that which the Gospel says, for in vain will you apply to the Heathen. Have you a desire to be informed on the subject of the formation of the world, and its history at that time of which no Heathen authors write with any probability ? read the sacred volume, there the wonders of God are made known : the crude relations of the profane authors, however, serve to corroborate the authentic history of the Jewish Lawgiver.—Meditate on that morality which CICERO, which SENECA promulged ;

then examine that which the Gospel reveals, and acknowledge which is most calculated to accomplish the end for which it instructs us.—Study all the moralists whom Greece and Rome can boast, admire that display of eloquence, which you find in them ; be pleased with all that ornament which can charm you ; and then hear the simple forcible precept of Scripture :—“ *Do unto another as you would that he should do unto you.* ”—And confess that the one is infinitely surpassed by the other.

The law delivered in Mount Sinai, far exceeds those folios of moral precepts, which were the study, and the labours of all the Heathens combined. It speaks to the heart, and when accompanied by the spirit of God ; immediately as read, its sounds are more awakening than the loudest thunders ; and God who gave those precepts demands a full obedience to them.

You hear the Heathens talk of the practice of virtue, the beauty of a moral life ; they expatiate upon it largely, they paint it in the most alluring colours—they dress it in the most fascinating form :—you admire the men, you are surprised at their abilities : but your hearts are still disobedient.—They tell you that virtue brings its own reward, that no character is so much respected as a strictly virtuous man, and yet the corruptions of our nature remain entirely unconquered : attend to them, whilst by fables, by real histories, by the most awful representations, they explain to you the end of immorality and vice, and honestly own that all which they say is in vain.—On the other side listen to the word of God. “ *Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them.* ”—All their sententious conciseness, their studied eloquence, their rounded periods, and their musical sentences, infinitely fall short of that simple elegance and energy, that majesty and sublimity which are found in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments.

But in no article is the superiority of the sacred volume more manifest and striking, than in the revelation which it makes of eternity.—The following passage extracted from Socrates' address to his friends, when he was on the point of drinking the fatal draught ; is the clearest of all that ever was written or said on this subject by any of the Ancients : “ Truly,” said he, “ if I did not firmly believe that I am going to just Gods, and the souls of “ men better than any now living, I were inexcusable for “ condemning life. But I am perfectly assured that I am “ going to a supreme Being, the best of masters, and to “ good men : having now no doubt of what I have of- “ ten told you, that something of man subsists after death, “ and that it is better with the good than the bad in ano-

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"ther world."—This approaches the nearest of all Grecian or Roman speculation to the sentiments which Christ preached.

ZOROASTER, the founder of the Persian religion and the Magi, taught his disciples yet more clearly concerning a future state; he wished them to believe that a day of general resurrection would in after ages be ushered in, and then an universal judgment should be set which should award to every man according to his work in this world. Though we cannot find whence he procured these sentiments; history assures us, that the professors of his religion believed it before Christ came. He is by some supposed to have been a Jew, or nearly connected with them;—it is fairly to be inferred, however, that he could not have drawn those ideas from the Jewish law, as a sect among the Jews even in our Saviour's time positively denied this doctrine, on no other ground, than because they supposed it was not delivered by Moses.

It was reserved for that dispensation under which we live; for that Person whom we worship as God fully to explain and confirm this important Doctrine. Scripture is express on this subject; it clearly points out the nature of eternity and the wonders which shall precede it; it opens to us the hidden things of the other state, and it informs us that there is a vast distinction between the just and the wicked after the grave. Surely, "life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel."

The following representation of the resurrection morn, the scene of judgment, the future bliss of the just, and the misery of the wicked, is adduced as a proof of this proposition.

"Behold, I shew you a mystery, we shall not all sleep but we shall all be changed; in a moment; in the twinkling of an eye; at the last trump; when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.—For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality; then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.—For the Lord himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel and with the trump of God.—The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and the glory of his power, when he shall

"come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe. For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in the body according to that he hath done whether it be good or bad. The wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment—they shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and they shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb. And the smoke of their torments ascendeth up for ever and ever. The righteous shall go away into life eternal. They shall be before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple, and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the Sun light on them; nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them into living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

The sacred volume contains therefore the most clear information on the most interesting subjects—it teaches us the nature of *true religion*:—and if the facts related in it can be substantiated, and the evidence in its favour supported by the testimony of its greatest enemies, as well as its friends—we must conclude that the Christian religion is revealed from heaven.

The truth of the Christian religion is by some doubted, by others denied, and by few properly appreciated—viewing its sublimity, it is our duty calmly and seriously to examine the evidence in proof of its divine origin, and these additional considerations should urge us to the scrutiny.

(To be continued.)



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The piece on *Pedantry* will appear in our next.

Solus's communication is received, and shall be attended to.

Several of our poetical correspondents, have complained that their effusions have not been immediately inserted. We can assure them, there has not been any intentional or unnecessary delay; but, as we receive many compositions in verse, and seldom can appropriate more than one page for their insertion, some must be content to wait till their turn comes round.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES

*Written on the walls of the Old Poor-House near Annapolis—
ADDRESSED TO LAURA.*

When night her sable vestments wide extend,
And all the busy world have sought repose;
To those lone walls my dreary steps I bend,
And brood in gloomy silence o'er my woes.

Now all the warbling tenants of the grove,
Have ceas'd their pleasing notes, and sunk to rest;
And now the screech-owl's frightful shriekings move
The painful anguish, of my tortur'd breast.

Now Sleep her visit pays where fortune smiles,
"Lights on each lid unsullied with a tear;"
But from the hopeless wretch of love recoils,
And leaves him to despondency and care.

My weary eye-lids vainly ask relief,
And busy fancy marks my wayward doom,
Renews the channels of my poignant grief;—
Devoid of pity, paints fresh ills to come.

Recals those days when you fair maid were kind,
Recals each scene of happiness and love;
And paints in airy visions to my mind,
Those hours of bliss, I ne'er again shall prove.

Then, as I told my tender, artless tale,
And with fond rapture, clasp'd you to my breast;
Soft murmur'ing sighs, where utterance seem'd to fail,
Thy heaving bosom's mutual flame confess'd.

But scorn and anger, have usurp'd the throne,
Where love and pity held their pleasing reign;
Fair mercy from her wonted seat has flown,
And I am doom'd unheeded to complain.

Oh! on my suff'rings, *Laura*, pity take,
Each heav'nly smile, and each kind look renew,
For they will call my fleeting spirit back,
To former joys—to life, to love, and you.

THEODORE.

Ah, behold, this fading form,
Sinking lonely to the grave;
Vainly struggling with the storm,
Passion's victim—passion's slave.

Ah, behold, the pallid cheek,
Ah, behold, the tearful eye,
Sighs which inward anguish speak,
Tears still chasing every sigh.

See the smile of joy give place
To the vacant stare of grief—
In the unconscious laugh too, trace,
Misery mocking all relief.

Calmly see the victim die,
Gladly she'll her life resign—
Then o'er her grave exult and cry,
Behold, this glorious work is thine.

ABSENT ANNA.

What! tho' a wide expanding space
Now spreads its envious front between;
Still lovely Anna's beauteous face
Drawn by love's pencil, still is seen.
Here on thy faithful *Damon's* heart
Thy matchless miniature impress'd,
Unites us present, though apart,
For *Anna dwells* in *DAMON's* breast.

Lo! yon sweet lawn where oft' we trac'd
The sun declining in the sky;
There *Damon* with a lover's haste
To meet his *Anna* oft' would fly.
And like the Sun which sunk below
The waving treetops in the west,
With constant heat, would rise to know,
That *Anna dwelt* in *DAMON's* breast.

Tho' dreary leagues between expand;
Tho' yon sweet lawn eternal change,
Wither'd by winter's icy hand
From summer courts another range:
Tho' the bright sun inconstant proves,
And sinks to rouse new worlds from rest;
Still *Damon Anna* only loves;
Still *Anna dwells* in *Damon's* breast.

YELSE.

THE RETORT.

As *Chloe* was sitting one day at her ease,
Dispensing her wit, and attentive to please,
Zo-ology soon her attention excited,
The wonders of nature her language invited:
She spoke of flamed *Etna* in fiery glow,
And lofty topp'd *Andes* o'ercovered with snow;
From these airy summits she sought the vast plain;
And spoke of the monkey, that low mimic train:
She declar'd with vehemence that genus she hated,
In whatever circle or forests created;
Whether taught to sport high on the loftiest tree,
Or powder'd with fashion to bend the low knee;
Whether taught to roam wild the thick-planted grove,
Or feign an attachment unfounded in love:
Just then her quick eyes on a fopling she darted,
He trembled, turn'd red, was abash'd and dishearted;
But quickly recov'ring, declar'd with some state,
"And *Pugs* of all kinds, e'en *pugg'd* noses, I hate."

YELSE.

MATRIMONY—AN EXTRACT.

Tom prais'd his friend, who chang'd his state,
For binding fast himself and *Kate*
In union so divine;
"Wedlock's the end of life," he cried;
"Too true, indeed!" said Jack, and sigh'd,
"Twill be the end of mine!"

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

COLE & HEWES,

192 MARKET-STREET, BACK OF MESSRS. BONSAIS' BOOK-STORE.

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